

# An American Ward in Chancery

By MICHAEL WHITE

**B**INGHAM'S cab turned into Courtney-sq. and halted before No. 42. It was one of those huge old-fashioned London mansions of gloomily aristocratic exterior. Architecturally it resembled all the other houses in the square, simple in design, but massive as if built to stand for at least a hundred years. Bingham sprang to the pavement, and ascended a wide flight of steps leading to the double entrance doors. He drew the bell-handle out to its full extent and let it go with a jerk.

While the vibrations still reached his ear, one of the doors was swept open, and Bingham was confronted by a six-foot flunky, in powdered hair and resplendent livery. His uptilted nose suggested a fine contempt for anyone of lower degree than a marquis.

"Miss Carter at home?" demanded Bingham, unimpressed by the haughty demeanor of the flunky.

"I'll see, sir," replied the latter, presenting a salver as Bingham stepped into the hall.

Bingham deposited his card upon the armorial bearings engraved in the center of the salver, and followed the butler into a reception-room. It was a spacious apartment, but its atmosphere was chill and heavy with the weight of heirlooms. Bingham's glance swept over the carved furniture, the priceless cabinets, and tables of buhl and ormolu, to the full-length portraits in ornate Florentine frames. Gay cavaliers in flowing curls and cuirasses, stately dames in Elizabethan ruffles, "hanging" judges in awe-inspiring wigs and ermine, made an impressive display of lineage.

"Vandyke, Lely, Reynolds," Bingham ran off the names of great masters attached to the portraits. "Kate's ancestors, I guess; and three years ago she was not above an ice-cream soda. Well, strange things happen, even in the twentieth century."

A diplomatic cough drew his attention to the door. The flunky had returned. "Lady Greyboro will see you in a moment, sir," he announced tersely.

"Aye?" questioned Bingham. "Lady who, did you say?"

"Lady Greyboro, sir. She will see you in a moment."

"Kate must have inherited a title as well as the estate over here," Bingham reflected. "Lady Greyboro! Well, I wonder how she carries it, with her castle, grouse moor, and other things?" He had not seen Kate since she had been whisked off suddenly to inherit a great property in England, severing all connections with the land of her birth. He wondered if she was still the same bright, good-natured girl associated in his mind with many good times together in Buffalo, or had become the conventional aristocrat.

Lady Greyboro's moment lengthened into several minutes before he turned on hearing the rustle of silken attire. As the portières were parted, he stepped forward to greet his old companion with spontaneous cordiality, but expeditiously drew back. Instead of Kate, into the room marched a stately dowager, adorned with much antique jewelry, and an astonishing coiffure of the Queen Alexandra mode. She halted a little beyond the threshold, holding his card in one hand, and in the other a heavy gold lorgnette through which she surveyed Bingham critically.

"Mr. Bingham, I presume?" she remarked in noncommittal accents.

"Yes," he acknowledged, rather taken back and bowing slightly, "that is so. I called to see Miss Carter, as she was formerly. This is her London residence, I believe?"

The dowager acquiesced with a sweep of her lorgnette. "May I ask why you wish to see Miss Carter?" she inquired. "I am Miss Carter's personal guardian—Lady Greyboro."

"I see," exclaimed the

caller, beginning to comprehend the situation. "So you are Lady Greyboro! Well, I've just arrived from the other side on an automobile trip through Europe, and would like to renew my old acquaintance with Miss Carter. We were chums in Buffalo before she came



They Spoke of Many Things While Lady Greyboro Was Napping.

into her English inheritance."

"Indeed, that is very interesting; but—" Lady Greyboro hesitated, glanced at Bingham's card, and then surveyed him again irresolutely. "But," she continued, "I really do not know whether I ought to permit her to see you. You understand Mr.—ah—Mr. Bingham, that Miss Carter is placed in my charge by the Lord Chancellor, and I am entirely responsible for her until she comes of age. I am therefore extremely careful whom she meets, and your calling in this way is—er—both unexpected and somewhat unusual."

"You are quite right, Lady Greyboro," Bingham replied promptly. "I must apologize for not providing myself with a formal passport or introduction. In my anxiety to see Miss Carter again, I overlooked that necessity—from your view, of course—but I assure you I am quite respectable. I think Miss Carter will vouch for that."

Bingham's personal attractions, his reference to an automobile trip through Europe, which signified the guaranty of means, combined with his frankness, made a favorable impression on Lady Greyboro. She unbent almost to a smile, therefore, as she replied:

"As a ward in chancery, Miss Carter is not in a position to vouch for anyone, but perhaps under the circumstances I may take the responsibility upon myself. Pray be seated while I send for her."

Lady Greyboro motioned to a chair, and, after ringing a bell, seated herself at a conventional distance. Having despatched the flunky for her ward, she made an effort to be entertaining. In this she was presently interrupted by Kate bursting into the room, hugely delighted at seeing a friend from the country it appeared she still regarded with affection.

"Oh Dick, Dick," she cried, "this is too delightful for anything! How—why—when—" She grasped his hand, showing plainly that she was little altered, in feeling at any rate.

"My dear child," protested Lady Greyboro, shocked at such an excess of feeling. "Consider what Mr.—ah—Buffalo—Mr. Bingham, I mean, will think of you."

"As to that, Lady Greyboro," Bingham replied spontaneously, "whatever Miss Carter does will be admirable as far as I am concerned."

Lady Greyboro was about to protest further, but Kate interposed before a word escaped her lips. "Oh Dick, I am so glad to see you! But however did you get here—to see me, I mean?"

"Why, that was easy; took a cab from the hotel, got out at 42, rang the bell,

walked in, and," smiling pleasantly upon Miss Carter's guardian, "I owe the rest to Lady Greyboro."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Kate. "Why, do you know, Dick, if I had committed high treason instead of inheriting an estate, I believe I would have more freedom! I never see anyone but teachers, fussy old lawyers, and—"

"Miss Carter," interposed Lady Greyboro severely, "I really must ask you to exercise more control over your feelings. Every possible care is taken of you."

"Like a bird in a gilded cage," sighed Kate ruefully.

"If you don't," continued Lady Greyboro, "I shall be compelled to request Mr. Bingham to call again."

At this prospect Kate promised to curb the natural impulse she felt to emphasize Dick Bingham's arrival on the scene. "But, Lady Greyboro," she suggested, "can't we ask Mr. Bingham up to the drawing-room to tea? It is so awfully formal here."

This was said artlessly enough, but there was design prompting it; for after her tea Lady Greyboro frequently indulged in "forty winks," as she called it, i. e., she went comfortably to sleep.

At first Lady Greyboro hesitated. Her special duty was to preserve her ward from the attentions of young men, and she feared that already she had overstepped the line of discretion. But this young man from America was a novelty of promising interest in a life far from eventful. She was mentally debating the question, when Bingham, taking a cue from Kate, settled it by saying, he would like a cup of tea just then above all things. As it would then seem inhospitable to refuse, Lady Greyboro rose, and remarking that she was afraid of Mr. Grimstone's disapproval, led the way up to the drawing-room.

"Who is Grimstone?" asked Bingham of Kate, in an aside as they followed slowly.

"Oh, he's the lawyer appointed by the Lord Chancellor to give Lady Greyboro instructions about me—Grimstone, Dawson & Grimstone. If he caught you here, I don't know what dreadful thing might happen."

"He wouldn't put poison in my tea, would he?" asked Bingham.

"No, sir; but you must know it is contempt of court, punishable with fine or imprisonment, or both, for a young man to be at all nice to a ward in chancery. But," she added in a whisper, "you can be as nice as you please to Lady Greyboro; that is, if you wish to be invited here again."

So during tea Bingham exerted himself to interest Lady Greyboro. Finding her knowledge of the United States was limited to the unalterable conviction that life there hung by a thread above all manner of evil contingencies, he fell into her vein by sketching a few adventures in the Far West, which gave her a thrill between sips, and, as the hero of them, raised him to a pinnacle in her estimation. As Kate found it difficult to conceal her amusement, Lady Greyboro expressed thankfulness that her lot had not been cast in the United States.

"Really, Mr. Bingham," she exclaimed, "I do not understand how anyone can live in such a dreadful country. Kate, my dear child, you don't know how fortunate you are to have been rescued in time and brought to England."

The result of all this was, that if Lady Greyboro was kept wide awake that afternoon, and did not take her forty winks, as Kate hoped, Bingham made such an impression that she pressed him to call again whenever he found it convenient.

Bingham was not slow to take advantage of this privilege. In fact, he rather surprised Lady Greyboro by returning the next afternoon, hoping for a chat with Kate alone. But in this he was disappointed. The watchful guardian did not leave them for a moment, though, during one of Lady Greyboro's naps, he managed to exchange a few confidences with Kate.

"I was going to ask Lady Greyboro," he said in a low tone, "to allow you to come to a matinee tomorrow. Do you think she would object?"

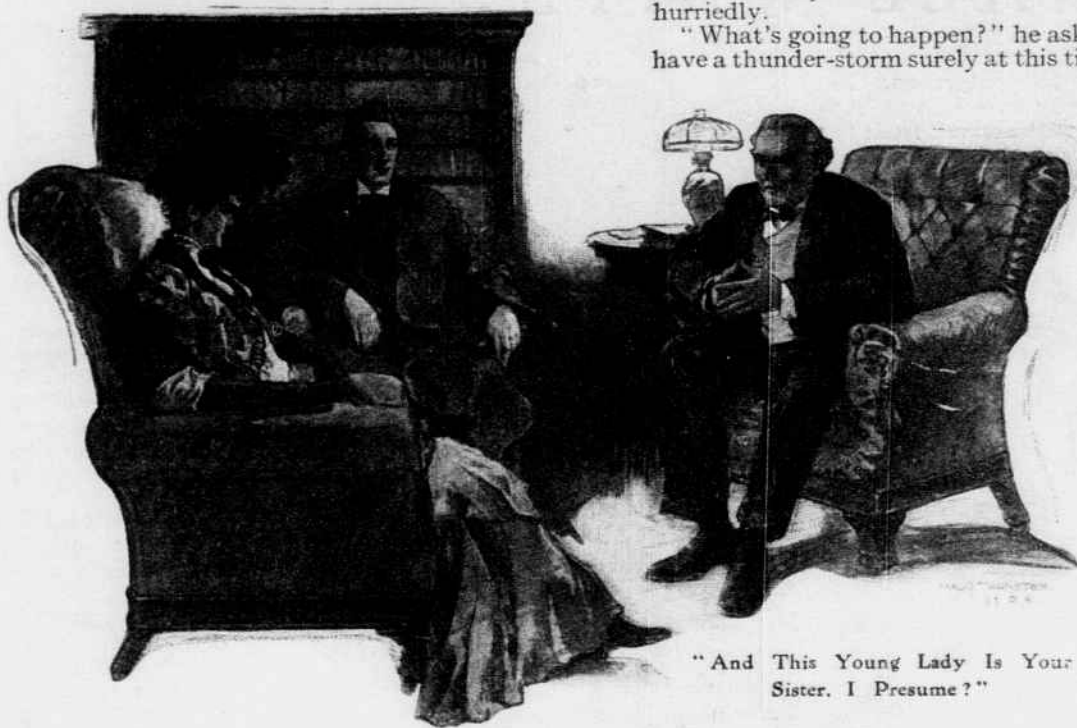
Kate's expression reflected consternation. "Not for the world!" she replied. "Lady Greyboro would



Her Manner Was Critical.



take fright on the instant, and imagine you had no end of horrible designs. Oh, Dick, may you never know what it is to be a ward in chancery! Why, if the Lord Chancellor knew we were in a theater unchaperoned, I believe he would stop the performance and send all the actors to prison. You,



"And This Young Lady Is Your Sister, I Presume?"

poor boy, would be lucky if you escaped the block." "Great Scott!" he ejaculated, "you did get into a pretty fix, it seems, when you inherited that property."

"Yes; but some day, Dick, I feel it in my bones that in spite of Lady Greyboro, Mr. Grimstone, and the Lord Chancellor I shall do something horribly wicked. When no one is watching I intend to slip out and go for a walk all on my own account, just to see what it is like."

"Well, if you have made up your mind to be as desperate as that, won't you permit me to be an accomplice in the crime?" promptly requested Bingham.

"Perhaps, but what would you do if we met the Lord Chancellor?"

"Oh, ask him to lunch," Bingham returned, laughing.

"No, I believe you would run away," protested Kate.

At this point Lady Greyboro awoke with a start. "What was that I heard about running away?" she asked with a shade of suspicion.

"I was merely afraid Mr. Bingham was going to run away," Kate answered, "before—before you had finished your nap, Lady Greyboro."

For some days Kate did not refer again to the projected adventure, maintaining the most correct demeanor whenever Bingham called; but one afternoon as he approached the door she opened it before he rang the bell. She was dressed in walking costume, and, closing the door behind her, joined him on the steps.

"I was watching for you," she explained hurriedly. "Lady Greyboro has gone to a charity bazaar, but I managed to excuse myself. Now, have you the courage to do anything I ask—something daring—something that might bring down upon you the wrath of Mr. Grimstone, the Lord Chancellor, and perhaps the whole British Empire?"

"I'll risk it," he replied, "and take all the consequences on your behalf."

"Then I want you to take me somewhere for an ice-cream soda. Do you know I have not had an ice-cream soda since I left the United States. Lady Greyboro has set a veto upon iced things of all kinds, as particularly injurious to a ward in chancery. When I first came to her and asked for ice-water, she thought I was out of my mind."

"Well, you shall have all the ice-cream soda you want, or we can get," he promised.

"Then let us be off," she cried, tripping lightly down the steps; "only we must return before Lady Greyboro, or it will be good-by forever to you, Mr. Dick Bingham."

So they hastened from the square, and once secure from observation, Kate gave expression to her joy at temporary freedom.

"Dick, you can't imagine what fun this is, to escape from that gloomy old house, where one is everlastingly being told that she mustn't do this or that! Even when we go down to the country there is always some one at my heels."

"That comes of exchanging the Declaration of Independence for such trifles as ancestors, castles, and things," Bingham remarked dryly. "You can't have both, it seems."

Thus chatting and laughing they sauntered along in search of an ice-cream soda-fountain; an object almost as difficult to find dispensing refreshment in London on a November day as a peanut-stand in the Sahara. The mere request for ice-cream at that season filled the English confectioner with astonishment.

"Hices, sir! No, sir; not in winter, sir. We 'ave the soda, sir; but not mixed with hices."

But if ice-cream soda was apparently not procurable, they at last found an Italian restaurant where Neapolitan ices could be obtained. On this they were making the best substitute for the American beverage, when Bingham remarked that although early in the afternoon it was growing dark. While the electric lights in the restaurant had been switched on, the lamps in the street were being ignited hurriedly.

"What's going to happen?" he asked. "We can't have a thunder-storm surely at this time of the year?"

Kate glanced up quickly and became alarmed. "It is a fog," she returned, "a London fog. Dick, we must run home as fast as we can."

They hastened to the street. As a blanket, a thick impenetrable yellow gloom was descending upon the whole city. Already it was difficult to see across the street, while moving objects loomed up phantom-like at rapidly

shortening distances. Bingham drew Kate's arm through his and hurried her along; but progress became more and more difficult. Soon he was forced to halt, as, unable to read the names of the streets, he was doubtful of the locality.

"What shall we do?" Kate besought him anxiously. "A fog in London sometimes lasts for hours, even days. In any case Lady Greyboro will be simply frantic if she returns before us."

In truth, Bingham was beginning to wonder what might be the outcome of their escapade, when he sighted the wet glint of a policeman's buttons within touch of his hand. He requested the nearest way to Courtney-sq.

"Better take a cab, sir," returned the policeman. "Courtney-sq.'s a good mile from here, and pretty hard for anyone to find, especially in a fog like this. Looks, too, as if it's going to be worse as night comes on."

"But where can I get a cab?" returned Bingham.

The policeman drew a whistle from his coat and blew a shrill note. Then he waited a little to sound his whistle again. Presently out of the dense mist crept the united outlines of horse, driver, and cab. The vision halted within a yard of the pavement, and was then momentarily swept from view by a wave of the fog.

"Hold on there, Jim!" shouted the policeman. Then he reached out and, grasping Bingham by the elbow, who in turn held fast to Kate, drew them to the door of the cab.

"Double fare if you hurry up!" Bingham hailed, after he had given the address.

"Do the best I can, sir," replied the cabman, steering off into the unseen with a touch of the whip.

But not four times the fare could act as an inducement to accelerate speed in such a condition of the atmosphere. They crawled along at the slowest pace, being guided apparently by the cabman's instinct rather than by any visible landmarks. Voices discordant in altercation mingled with shouts of warning merely added to the bewilderment of direction. Nothing could be seen from the windows but yellow haze occasionally marked by indistinct wandering objects. Presently the cab stopped, the cabman climbed down from his seat, and appeared at the window.

"It's no go, guv'nor," he said. "Can't see the horse's tail, to say nothink of 'is 'arness."

At this Kate's alarm increased, while Bingham felt they were approaching a crisis.

"Haven't you any idea where we are?" he asked the cabman.

"Dash my buttings, sir, if I knows!" the other replied, "but we can't go on until it clears a bit 'ead."

"Dick, I knew something dreadful would happen,"

Kate repented with a quaver in her voice. "I wish I had not been so foolish as to come out like this."

Bingham tried to cheer Kate up by saying that the fog must lift soon, and that everything would turn out all right; but he knew nothing of the lasting qualities of a London fog. They sat on in the cab until they could hardly distinguish each other, and hours seemed to be passing.

"I tell you what we had better do," said Bingham at last. "Let's get out of this old buggy, which is as cold as a refrigerator, and make for some more hospitable shelter. It isn't exactly like being storm-bound on a prairie. There must be a house or a shop near-by, then we can think out a plan."

As there seemed no better alternative the cab was abandoned, and they groped their way to the pavement. A few steps more and they reached an iron railing, which in turn led them to the steps of what was apparently a private residence.

"Here goes, anyway," ventured Bingham. "Whoever lives in the house, it would be too inhospitable to refuse us a temporary refuge from their fog. Perhaps they have a telephone and we can call up some one."

Still holding to Kate's arm, Bingham climbed the steps, found the door, and, passing his disengaged hand over it, discovered a knocker. With this he gave a peremptory double summons. Presently the door was opened and light streaming from within disclosed a footman. To him Bingham presented his card and requested to see the owner. The footman hesitated a moment to assure himself of the stranger's respectability, then invited them to enter, and departed on his errand. He reappeared almost immediately, followed by a stout little old man, with a florid but most genial expression.

"I must apologize to you, sir," Bingham explained, "for intruding in this way, but we are fog-bound Americans, and should esteem it a great favor if you would permit us to remain under your roof until we can move on again with safety."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old man, beaming through his glasses upon Kate in particular. "You did quite right to come in here out of that abominable fog. Only too happy to be of service to anyone from across the Atlantic. Not another word—certainly not! Come this way, I beg—I insist."

Thereupon the old man trotted down the hall, with Kate and Bingham following.

"Seems rather a jolly old fellow," remarked Bingham in an undertone. "I wonder who he is?"

"I am sure I have seen his picture somewhere," replied Kate, "but for the moment I can't remember."

At the door of a room their host paused and motioned them to enter. "This is my den," he said. "Please make yourselves at home."

Kate and Bingham entered a handsomely furnished library, where a crackling log fire and the warm glow of shaded lamps shed a cheerful contrast to the gloom they had escaped.

He wheeled a great arm-chair up to the fire for Kate, and invited Bingham to take another for himself. Then he sank



"It Seems, Mr. Bingham, There Has Been a Mistake."

into a chair opposite Kate and assumed the suggestion of a judicial manner.

"And so you have been caught in one of our fogs," he resumed. "Now tell me all about it."

Bingham briefly explained that they had been out sight-seeing, and been suddenly enveloped in the fog.

"So there are some things that even you Americans

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## AN AMERICAN WARD IN CHANCERY

Continued from page 6

can't overcome," smiled the old man. "And this young lady is your sister, I presume?" he added, bowing toward Kate.

Bingham glanced at Kate as if he thought it expedient to allow the presumption to rest. "I see," reflected the old man, picking up Bingham's card from a table. "Mr. Bingham, from Buffalo, U.S.A. We must try and make your enforced visit as pleasant as possible."

Then he rose and went to the door. "I am going to call my wife, Lady Hotham," he said. "She will be most happy to entertain you."

As he left the room, Kate gave a little cry and grasped the arms of her chair convulsively. "Look, it's the Lord Chancellor—Lord Hotham!" she gasped. "Oh, but we are in for it!"

Bingham whistled softly. "Ye gods! is that so?" Kate, he urged, "we must keep the illusion up. We're all right here, anyway."

In a few minutes the Lord Chancellor returned and introduced Lady Hotham. She proved to be as cordial as her husband, and insisted that the weather conditions were such that their visitors could not leave before dinner.

So they remained, and such a mirthful feast the Lord Chancellor made of it, that Kate almost forgot her predicament, while Bingham found himself complimenting the second most powerful subject in the British Empire on possessing a sense of humor.

After dinner the report was made that the fog had cleared somewhat, and the Lord Chancellor ordered his carriage for them.

"And mind," he said shaking hands warmly with both, "we shall expect you to lose yourselves again and pay us another visit. If I can be of service to you at any time, do not hesitate to call upon me."

"That I will, Lord Hotham!" replied Bingham, grasping his hand responsively. In his mind the invitation bore a deeper significance.

Once in the carriage, Kate began to reflect. "Now what are we going to say to Lady Grey-boro?"

"Tell the truth," replied Bingham non-

chalantly. "As far as I can see, we could not hold anything better. But never mind what we are to say to Lady Greyboro; the question is, Kate," he argued in a lower and gentler tone—"the question is—"

For several streets the Lord Chancellor's carriage held secure from interruption the question which he pleaded with fervent eloquence. As the carriage rolled into Courtney-sq., they noticed that No. 42 was unusually illuminated for the hour, and on drawing up to the sidewalk that a policeman was patrolling in front of the house. When they alighted the policeman peremptorily ordered the coachman to remain. Bingham and Kate hurried up the steps, to be met in the hall by a pompous looking man, whom Kate nervously introduced as Grimstone, the family lawyer.

Grimstone bowed coldly to Bingham and requested a few moments' conversation with him in the reception-room.

"I understand you are an American," began the family lawyer loftily.

"I am certainly not going to deny it," replied Bingham with emphasis.

"Very well, sir," continued the lawyer severely. "Then I am going to take it upon myself to teach you the lesson that an American can no more defy the law here than a British subject."

"I am not aware that I have defied the law here," replied Bingham, smiling.

"You are not, sir?" retorted the lawyer hotly. "Then it will be my painful duty to enlighten you in that respect. In removing Miss Carter, a ward in chancery, from the immediate protection of her guardian without permission, you have been guilty of contempt of court. I intend, therefore, to order your arrest pending such time as you can explain your action to the Lord Chancellor."

"Oh, is that all?" replied Bingham calmly. "Now, you take my advice, Mr. Grimstone, and don't detain the Lord Chancellor's carriage any longer, or you may be the one to stand in the dock."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the lawyer angrily.

"Just this. Miss Carter has not been removed from the protection of her guardian at all; because as it happens we have been dining with the Lord Chancellor and Lady Hotham. If you don't believe me, go and ask his coachman out there. Only you had better hurry up, for although the Lord Chancellor is pretty good-natured, I don't think he would care for you to keep his carriage all night. I should say that would come very near high treason."

The lawyer strode from the room; but presently returned with an altered manner. "It seems, Mr. Bingham," he began apologetically, "that there has been a mistake."

"I guess there has," remarked Bingham, nodding triumphantly to Kate.

"Of course," continued the lawyer, bowing slightly and in a deferential tone, "I was not aware—ah—that—er—I had the honor of meeting a friend of—ahem—the Lord Chancellor. It was undoubtedly quite proper for you to take Miss Carter to call upon him and Lady Hotham; but before you do so again it would save Lady Greyboro much anxiety if you would kindly inform her previously."

But before Bingham took Kate to call upon her legal guardian again, he thought it incumbent upon him to see the Lord Chancellor and explain matters personally. With persistence he succeeded at last in making his way to the private chamber of the Lord Chancellor in the Houses of Parliament, where he found the great man arrayed in wig and scarlet robes, refreshing himself with a cup of tea preparatory to taking his seat in the House of Lords.

"So you have surrendered voluntarily?" greeted the Lord Chancellor, extending his hand. "I know all about it, and what is more, I have had a chat with my very good friend, the American Ambassador, who knows all about you. He has assured me that you would be incapable of running away with one of my wards. I am not so confident; so if I permit you to call upon Miss Carter, have I your word that you will not ask her a certain question until she comes of age?"

"To be perfectly frank with you, Judge," returned Bingham, "I asked her a certain question in your carriage."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Lord Chancellor. "In my carriage? I never heard of such a thing."

"Yes," added Bingham, "I thought it was a pretty good opportunity, because, you see, there couldn't be any question of contempt of court there."

The Lord Chancellor rose, settled his wig, adjusted his glasses, and surveyed the imperturbable young American. "And may I ask, pray, what she said, in my carriage?" he demanded.

"Oh," reflected Bingham, "I thought I heard a response in the affirmative."

The Lord Chancellor tucked his hands under his robes, while a smile broke over his genial countenance. "Well," he said, "as it is a pity there should be any doubt about the matter, how would it suit you for me to send my carriage to bring Miss Carter and yourself to Lady Hotham's on Thursday? It might refresh your memory."

"Just the thing, Judge," agreed Bingham heartily, "and if you'll pardon me for saying so, you strike me as being just about the right kind of Lord Chancellor."



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But she can wash a tub full of very dirty clothes with this new "Gravity Washer" in less than six minutes, by the clock.

And she can wash them with her Head—her Brains—instead of with her hands, because, she can make the Machine do nearly all the work. She hasn't got to bend over a steaming tub of suds with the "Gravity Washer," nor work one of those back-breaking threshing-machines they call "Washers" in the hardware stores.

The "Gravity Washer" won't tear the finest piece of lace—it won't break a button—nor it won't wear the thinnest white clothes.

Because, all the washing is done by driving soapy water through the threads of the dirty clothes.

And this is done chiefly by Gravity—by the same thing that makes a stone roll down hill.

And this Washer is sold so it must pay for itself.

Now, I want to send one of these "Gravity Washers" to any person I believe to be honest, for a month's free trial, so they can prove what I say to be true.

I don't want a penny from you for the month's use of it, remember, unless you decide to keep it after that.

But, if you find it will save you its whole cost, you may pay me after each washing 60c a week for it, or \$2.00 a month, out of what it saves you, till the machine is fully paid for.

And, you needn't decide whether you'll keep the Washer or not till after you've tested it a full Month—free of charge.

I will pay the freight myself both ways—and I don't ask a penny of security from you.

If you feel you can do without the "Gravity Washer" after you've used it a month, I will take it back from you, without a penny from you for its use, or a growl from me.

Now, How could I make anything out of that kind of deal if our new "Gravity Washer" wouldn't really do all I say it will?

Write me to-day if you want this "Gravity Washer" on a month's free trial. Address plainly: R. F. Bieber, Treas. 1900 Washer Co., 6083 Henry St., Binghamton, N.Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

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